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THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS

BY

EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA," "PEARLS OF THE FAITH," ETC.

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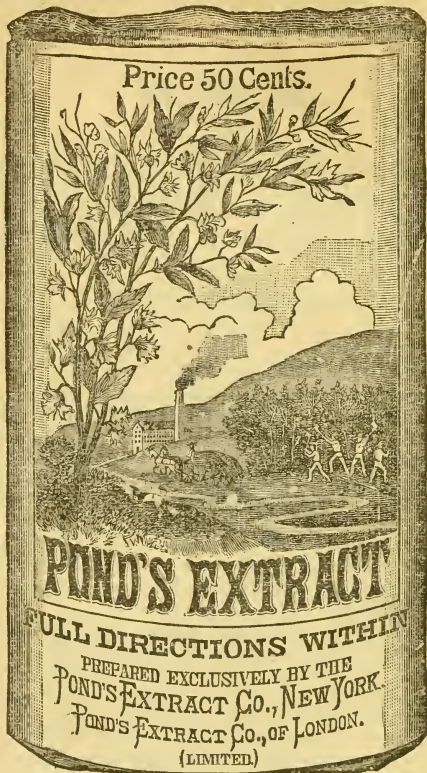
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THE INDIAN

SONG OF SONGS

✓ BY

EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I.

AUTHOR OF

"The Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith," etc.

NEW YORK

JOHN · W. LOVELL COMPANY

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THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

PREFACE.

BEAUTIFUL flowers please, whatever their name and country; and so far as any brightness or fragrance may have been preserved from the Aryan original in this paraphrase, it will no doubt be recognized by the reader of intelligence. Yet being so exotic, the poem demands a word or two of introduction.

The "Gita Govinda," then, or "Song of Govind," is a Sanskrit idyl, or little pastoral drama, in which—under the form of KRISHNA, an incarnation of the god Vishnoo—the human soul is displayed in its relations alternately with earthly and celestial beauty. Krishna—at once human and divine—is first seen attracted by the pleasures of the senses (personified by the shepherdesses in the wood), and wasting his affections upon the delights of their illusory world. RADHA, the spirit of intellectual and moral beauty, comes to free him from this error by enkindling in his heart a desire for her own surpassing loveliness of form and character; and under the parable of a human passion—too glowingly depicted by the Indian poet for exact transcription—the gradual emancipation of Krishna from sensuous distractions, and his union with Radha in a high and spiritualized happiness, are portrayed. This general interpretation, at any rate, though disputed by certain au-

thorities, is maintained by Jones, Lassen, and others; and has been followed, not without occasional difficulty, in the subjoined version.

Lassen thus writes in his Latin *prolegomena*: "To speak my opinion in one word, Krishna is here the divinely-given soul manifested in humanity. . . . The recollection of this celestial origin abides deep in the mind, and even when it seems to slumber—drugged as it were by the fair shows of the world, the pleasures of visible things, and the intoxication of the senses—it now and again awakes, . . . full of yearning to recover the sweet serenity of its pristine condition. Then the soul begins to discriminate and to perceive that the love, which was its inmost principle, has been lavished on empty and futile objects; it grows a-wearied of things sensual, false, and unenduring; it longs to fix its affection on that which shall be stable, and the source of true and eternal delight. Krishna—to use the imagery of this poem—thrones Radha in his heart, as the sole and only one who can really satisfy his aspirations. . . .

"Radha is supreme in beauty, with a loveliness which is at once celestial, and yet enshrined in earthly mould. Her charms lift the mind to heavenly contemplations, and the God of Love, Kama, borrows his best weapons from them. She is forgiving and pitiful even towards her erring and lingering lover; she would meet him in returning if she could; she grieves more than she blames; and once reconciled, is beyond measure tender. . . . The remedy for the illusions of sense—*sansāra*—is placed by all Hindoo philosophers in the understanding of true existence, and Radha, in my judgment, represents this remedy—being the personified contemplation of the divine beauty and goodness. . . . Such contemplation flies from and disowns the mind possessed by sensual

objects, but goes to meet and gladly inhabit that which consecrates itself, as Krishna's does, to the higher love. . . . It bewails its separation from the soul, as that which was its natural dwelling-place before the changeful shows of mortal life banished it; and this is the mystery of mutual attraction between the mind and mental beauty, that the memory of the divine happiness does not die, but is revived by the recognition of truth, and returns to the perception of what things in love are worthless, and what are real and worthy. The affection of Radha is jealous, and grants not the full sight of her charms, until the soul of its own accord abandons its preoccupations, and becomes filled with the desire of the true love. But upon the soul thus returning she lavishes her utmost tenderness; whereof to be the recipient is to have all wishes fulfilled and nothing lacking—to be *tripta*—'well-contented.' Such, in my opinion, is the recondite significance of this poem, hidden under imagery but too luxuriant. The Indian poet seems, indeed, to have spent rather more labor in depicting the phases of earthly passion than of that intellectual yearning by which the mind is lifted to the contemplation of divine things; . . . but the fable of the loves of Govinda and Radha existing from antiquity, and being universally accepted, philosophy had to affix its doctrines to the story in such a way as that the vulgar amours of those popular deities might present themselves in a nobler aspect."

Nothing in the way of exposition needs to be added to these words.

The great variety of measure in the original has been indicated by frequently varying the metre of this paraphrase, without meanwhile attempting to imitate the many very fanciful alliterations, assonances, and recur-

ring choruses; of which last, however, two examples have been introduced. The "Gīta Govinda," with these *refrains* and the musical accompaniments named and prescribed by the directions embodied in the text, must have been a species of Oriental opera. This raises the difficult and little-studied subject of ancient Hindoo music, upon which a passing word or two may not appear impertinent. Sir William Jones says, "When I first read the songs of Jayadeva, who has prefixed to each the name of the mode in which it was to be sung, I had hopes of procuring the original music; but the Pundits of the South referred me to those of the West, and the Brahmans of the West would have sent me to those of the North, while they of Nepal and Cashmere declared that they had no ancient music, but imagined that the notes of the 'Gīta Govinda' must exist, if anywhere, where the poet was born" (Sir W. Jones, vol. i. p. 440).

Now the reason why this illustrious scholar could not find the score of the "Gīta," was that music was always taught orally by the Hindoos, and therefore did not pass down from the old minstrels in any noted form. Yet there existed an elaborate science of melody among the ancient Indians; although, like the Greeks, they understood little or nothing of harmony. The distinguishing feature of Hindoo airs was, and still is, an extremely fine gradation of notes; the semitone could be accurately divided into demi-semitones by the ear and voice of a practised "Gundharb" or "Goonee." This even now imparts a delicacy to the otherwise monotonous temple-singing, which all musicians would recognize; and they might find in such treatises as the "Sungeet Durpun," "Ragavibodha," and "Râg mala," or "Chaplet of Melodies," complete and curious explanations of the Hindoo

orchestra. In that fantastic system the old Aryan composers established six *ragas*, or divine fundamental airs, having each five wives or *raginees*, and each of these producing eight melodious children; so that the orthodox repertory contained two hundred and forty separate songs. These songs had their fixed occasion, subject, and season; all to be reverently observed; otherwise the deity presiding over each was not thought likely to attend and give perfect effect to the music. These lyric divinities are personified and described in such works as the "Ratnamala:" thus "Gurjjari"—a melody frequently indicated here by Jayadeva—is represented as a feminine minstrel of engaging mien, dressed in yellow bodice and red *saree*, richly bedecked with jewels and enthroned in a golden swing, as the third wife of the *Raga Megh*. Musical science was divided into seven branches—*Surudhyaya* or sol-fa-ing, *rag* or melody, *tal* or time, *nrit* or rhythmical dancing, *aurth* or poetry, *bhav* or expression, and *hust*, answering to method, "touch." The gamut contained seven notes singularly named—*Su* was *suruj*, the scream of the peacock; *ri* was *rikhub*, the cry of the parrot; *gu* was *gundhur*, the bleat of the sheep; *mu* was *muddhun*, the call of the crane; *pu* stood for *punchum*, and the note of the Koil; *dhu* for *dhyvut*, the neigh of the horse; and *ni* for *nikhad*, the trumpeting of the elephant. Endless subtleties characterized their musical terms—thus *tal* or "time," is a word made up of the first letters from *tand*, the dance of Mahadeo, and *las*, the dance of Parvati, his consort; but these are mere etymological niceties, characteristic of the hard language in which one single word may be written in a hundred and eight ways. Enough has been said to show, from sources which are perhaps somewhat out of general reach, that

a special accompaniment of music was prescribed for the "Gita Govinda" when composed, which, could it be recovered, would add immensely to the interest of the Sanskrit Canticle; and indeed, even at present, any competent inquirer into the existing melodies of India, popular and sacred, might be rewarded by many exquisite airs worth the ear of European *maestri* themselves. The Indians of to-day have still their *dhoorpuds*, or heroic ballads; their *kheals*, *ghuzuls*, and *rekhtahs*, love-songs of Mogul derivation; their *dadras* and *nuktas*, serenades of Hindoo origin; the *tuppah*, hummed by Hindi and Punjabi camel-drivers; the *terana*, or "song without words;" the *palna*, or cradle-song; the *sohla*, or marriage-strain; the *stooti*, or eulogistic chants; and the *zikri*, which are hymns of morality. Probably among these some echoes of the antique melodies of Jayadeva may be preserved; at any rate, such a list—and it might be largely extended—shows that Indian music well merits professional study.

Jayadeva, a native of Kinduvilva or Kendôli, in Burdwan or Tirhoot (for the locality is doubtful), wrote, according to Lassen, about 1150 A.D. The theme of the Indian poet's musical mystery-play is found in the tenth section of the Bhâgavata, but Hindoo literature and daily talk are full of this half-divine, half-human Krishna; and in turning into a religious canticle the loves of "Govinda" and Radha, Jayadeva might be sure that every native audience, present and to come, would understand his matter. The "Gita" is to this hour very popular in India; but more so, doubtless, because of its melodious versification and its ardent love-pictures than the profound and earnest meanings, for the sake of which this imperfect attempt has been hazarded. Extremely imperfect it is, and for exact

Sanskrit scholars (among whose honorable number the Author has very slender claims to rank) of no account at all; yet something, however slight, may perhaps be done towards the closer acquaintance of England and India—an object always dear to the present writer—by this his second effort to popularize Indian classics. With the aid of Lassen (to whose labors and erudite guidance every grateful acknowledgment is here due) this “*Song of Songs*” goes, for the most part, fairly pace for pace with the Sanskrit text; although much has had to be modified, and the last *Sarga* omitted, in order to comply with the canons of Western propriety. An English dress cannot—alas!—fail to destroy something of the Asiatic grace of *Radha*; but in her own she is radiant, fascinating, and angelic, and seemed to teach a lesson so well worth repeating, that this imitation of *Jayadeva* has been ventured upon.

INTRODUCTION.

 OM!

REVERENCE TO GANESHA!

"THE sky is clouded; and the wood resembles
 The sky, thick-arched with black Tamâla boughs;
 O Radha, Radha! take this soul that trembles
 In life's deep midnight, to Thy golden house."
 So Nanda spoke,—and, led by Radha's spirit,
 The feet of Krishna found the road aright;
 Wherefore in bliss which all high hearts inherit
 Together taste they Love's divine delight.

*He who wrote these things for thee,
 Of the Son of Wassoodee,
 Was the poet Jayadeva;
 Him Saraswati gave ever
 Fancies fair his mind to throng,
 Like pictures palace-walls along;
 Ever to his notes of love
 Lakshmi's mystic dancers move.
 If thy spirit seeks to brood
 On Hari glorious, Hari good;
 If it feeds on solemn numbers
 Dim as dreams and soft as slumbers,
 Lend thine ear to Jayadev,
 Lord of all the spells that save*

*Umapatidhara's strain
 Glows like roses after rain;
 Sharan's stream-like song is grand,
 If its tide ye understand;
 Bard more wise beneath the sun
 Is not found than Govardhun;
 Dhoyi holds the listener still
 With his shlokas of subtle skill;
 But for sweet words suited well
 Jayadeva doth excel.*

(What follows is to the Music MÂLAVA and the Mode
 RUPAKA.)

HYMN TO VISHNU.

O THOU that held'st the blessed Veda dry
 When all things else beneath the floods were hurled;
 Strong Fish-God! Ark of Men! *Jai!* Hari, *jai!*
 Hail, Keshav, hail! thou Master of the world!

The round world rested on thy spacious nape;
 Upon thy neck, like a mere mole, it stood:
 O thou that took'st for us the Tortoise-shape,
 Hail, Keshav, hail! Ruler of wave and wood!

The world upon thy curving tusk sate sure,
 Like the Moon's dark disc in her crescent pale;
 O thou who did'st for us assume the Boar,
 Immortal Conqueror! hail, Keshav, hail!

When thou thy Giant-Foe didst seize and rend,
 Fierce, fearful, long, and sharp were fang and nail;
 Thou who the Lion and the Man didst blend,
 Lord of the Universe! hail, Narsingh, hail!

Wonderful Dwarf!—who with a threefold stride
 Cheated King Bali—where thy footsteps fall
 Men's sins, O Wamuna! are set aside.

O Keshav, hail! thou Help and Hope of all!

The sins of this sad earth thou didst assoil,
 The anguish of its creatures thou didst heal;
 Freed are we from all terrors by thy toil:
 Hail, Purshuram, hail! Lord of the biting steel!

To thee the fell Ten-Headed yielded life,
 Thou in dread battle laid'st the monster low!
 Ah, Rama! dear to Gods and men that strife;
 We praise thee, Master of the matchless bow!

With clouds for garments glorious thou dost fare,
 Veiling thy dazzling majesty and might,
 As when Yamuna saw thee with the share,
 A peasant—yet the King of Day and Night.

Merciful-hearted! when thou camest as Boodh—
 Albeit 'twas written in the Scriptures so—
 Thou bad'st our altars be no more imbrued
 With blood of victims: Keshav! bending low

We praise thee, Wielder of the sweeping sword,
 Brilliant as curving comets in the gloom,
 Whose edge shall smite the fierce barbarian horde;
 Hail to thee, Keshav! hail, and hear, and come,

And fill this song of Jayadev with thee,
 And make it wise to teach, strong to redeem,
 And sweet to living souls. Thou Mystery!
 •Thou Light of Life! Thou Dawn beyond the dream!

Fish! that didst outswim the flood;
 Tortoise! whereon earth hath stood;

Boar! who with thy tush held'st high
 The world, that mortals might not die;
 Lion! who hast giants torn;
 Dwarf! who laugh'dst a king to scorn;
 Sole Subduer of the Dreaded!
 Slayer of the many-headed!
 Mighty Ploughman! Teacher tender!
 Of thine own the sure Defender!
 Under all thy ten disguises
 Endless praise to thee arises.

*(What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
 NIHSÂRA.)*

Endless praise arises,
 O thou God that liest
 Rapt, on Kumla's breast,
 Happiest, holiest, highest!
 Planets are thy jewels,
 Stars thy forehead-gems,
 Set like sapphires gleaming
 In kingliest anadems;
 Even the great gold Sun-God,
 Blazing through the sky,
 Serves thee but for crest-stone,
Jai, jai! Hari, jai!
 As that Lord of day
 After night brings morrow,
 Thou dost charm away
 Life's long dream of sorrow.
 As on Mansa's water
 Brood the swans at rest,
 So thy laws sit stately
 On a holy breast.

O, Drinker of the poison!
 Ah, high Delight of earth!
 What light is to the lotus-buds,
 What singing is to mirth,
 Art thou—art thou that slayedst
 Madhou and Narak grim;
 That ridest on the King of Birds,
 Making all glories dim.
 With eyes like open lotus-flowers,
 Bright in the morning rain,
 Freeing by one swift piteous glance
 The spirit from Life's pain:
 Of all the three Worlds Treasure!
 Of sin the Putter-by!
 Of the Ten-Headed Victor!
Jai Hari! Hari! jai!
 Thou Shaker of the Mountain!
 Thou Shadow of the Storm!
 Thou Cloud that unto Lakshmi's face
 Comes welcome, white, and warm!
 O thou,—who to great Lakshmi
 Art like the silvery beam
 Which moon-sick chakors feed upon
 By Jumna's silent stream,—
 To thee this hymn ascendeth,
 That Jayadev doth sing,
 Of worship, love, and mystery;
 High Lord and heavenly King!
 And unto whoso hears it
 Do thou a blessing bring—
 Whose neck is gilt with yellow dust
 From lilies that did cling
 Beneath the breasts of Lakshmi,
 A girdle soft and sweet,

When in divine embracing
 The lips of Gods did meet;
 And the beating heart above
 Of thee—Dread Lord of Heaven!—
 She left that stamp of love—
 By such deep sign be given
 Prays Jayadev, the glory
 And the secret and the spells
 Which close-hid in this story
 Unto wise ears he tells.

END OF INTRODUCTION.

SARGA THE FIRST.

SAMODADAMODARO.

THE SPORTS OF KRISHNA.

BEAUTIFUL Radha, jasmine-bosomed Radha,
 All in the Spring-time waited by the wood
 For Krishna fair, Krishna the all-forgetful,—
 Krishna with earthly love's false fire consuming—
 And some one of her maidens sang this song:—

(*What follows is to the Music VASANTA and the Mode
 YATI.*)

I know where Krishna tarries in these early days of
 Spring,
 When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance
 on its wing;

Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets of the
 clove,

In jungles where the bees hum and the Koil flutes her
 love;

He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,
 All in the budding Spring-time, for 'tis sad to be alone.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and
 gold,

When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely
 hold

Hand fast in hand; and every branch upon the Vakul-
 tree

Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every
 bloom a bee;

He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving
 tone,

In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to
 live alone.

Where Kroona flowers, that open at a lover's lightest
 tread,

Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white
 blush modest red;

And all the spears on all the boughs of all the Ketuk-
 glades

Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering
 youths and maids;

'Tis there thy Krishna dances till the merry drum is
 done,

All in the sunny Spring-time, when who can live alone?

Where the breaking-forth of blossom on the yellow
 Keshra-sprays

Dazzles like Kama's sceptre, whom all the world obeys;

And Pâtal-buds fill drowsy bees from pink delicious
bowls,
As Kama's nectared goblet steeps in languor human
souls;
There he dances with the dancers, and of Radha think-
eth none,
All in the warm new Spring-tide, when none will live
alone.

Where the breath of waving Mâdhvi pours incense
through the grove,
And silken Mogras lull the sense with essences of
love,—
The silken-soft pale Mogra, whose perfume fine and
faint
Can melt the coldness of a maid, the sternness of a
saint—
There dances with those dancers thine other self, thine
Own,
All in the languorous Spring-time, when none will live
alone.

Where—as if warm lips touched sealed eyes and waked
them—all the bloom
Opens upon the mangoes to feel the sunshine come;
And Atimuktas wind their arms of softest green about,
Clasping the stems, while calm and clear great Jumna
spreadeth out;
There dances and there laughs thy Love, with damsels
many and one,
In the rosy days of Spring-time, for he will not live
alone.

*Mark this song of Jayadev!
Deep as pearl in ocean-wave*

*Lurketh in its lines a wonder
 Which the wise alone will ponder :
 Though it seemeth of the earth,
 Heavenly is the music's birth ;
 Telling darkly of delights
 In the wood, of wasted nights,
 Of witless days, and fruitless love,
 And false pleasures of the grove,
 And rash passions of the prime,
 And those dances of Spring-time ;
 Time, which seems so subtle-sweet,
 Time, which pipes to dancing-feet,
 Ah ! so softly—ah ! so sweetly—
 That among those wood-maids feathly
 Krishna cannot choose but dance,
 Letting pass life's greater chance.*

Yet the winds that sigh so
 As they stir the rose,
 Wake a sigh from Krishna
 Wistfuller than those ;
 All their faint breaths swinging
 The creepers to and fro
 Pass like rustling arrows
 Shot from Kama's bow :
 Thus among the dancers
 What those zephyrs bring
 Strikes to Krishna's spirit
 Like a darted sting.

And all as if—far wandered—
 The traveller should hear
 The bird of home, the Koil,
 With nest-notes rich and clear ;

And there should come one moment
 A blessed fleeting dream
 Of the bees among the mangoes
 Beside his native stream;
 So flash those sudden yearnings,
 That sense of a dearer thing,
 The love and lack of Radha
 Upon his soul in Spring.

Then she, the maid of Radha, spake again;
 And pointing far away between the leaves
 Guided her lovely Mistress where to look,
 And note how Krishna wantoned in the wood
 Now with this one, now that; his heart, her prize,
 Panting with foolish passions, and his eyes
 Beaming with too much love for those fair girls—
 Fair, but not so as Radha; and she sang

(*What follows is to the Music RÂMAGIRÎ and the Mode
 YATI.*)

See, Lady! how thy Krishna passes these idle hours
 Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned with
 forest-flowers;
 And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of
 price—
 Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like his
 eyes;—
 In the company of damsels,* who dance and sing and
 play,
 Lies Krishna laughing, toying, dreaming his Spring
 away.

* It will be observed that the "Gopis" here personify the five senses. Lassen says, "*Manifestum est puellis istis nil aliud significari quam res sensiles.*"

One, with star-blossomed champâk wreathed, woos him
to rest his head
On the dark pillow of her breast so tenderly outspread;
And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a fragrance
rare,
That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty
air,
While the company of damsels wave many an odorous
spray,
And Krishna laughing, toying, sighs the soft Spring
away.

Another, gazing in his face, sits wistfully apart,
Searching it with those looks of love that leap from heart
to heart;
Her eyes—afire with shy desire, veiled by their lashes
black—
Speak so that Krishna cannot choose but send the mes-
sage back,
In the company of damsels whose bright eyes in a ring
Shine round him with soft meanings in the merry light
of Spring.

The third one of that dazzling band of dwellers in the
wood—
Body and bosom panting with the pulse of youthful
blood—
Leans over him, as in his ear a lightsome thing to
speak,
And then with leaf-soft lip imprints a kiss below his
cheek;
A kiss that thrills, and Krishna turns at the silken touch
To give it back—ah, Radha! forgetting thee too much.

And one with arch smile beckons him away from Jumna's
banks,
Where the tall bamboos bristle like spears in battle-
ranks,
And plucks his cloth to make him come into the mango-
shade,
Where the fruit is ripe and golden, and the milk and
cakes are laid:
Oh! golden-red the mangoes, and glad the feasts of
Spring,
And fair the flowers to lie upon, and sweet the dancers
sing.

Sweetest of all that Temptress who dances for him now
With subtle feet which part and meet in the Râs-meas-
ure slow,
To the chime of silver bangles and the beat of rose-leaf
hands,
And pipe and lute and cymbal played by the woodland
bands;
So that wholly passion-laden—eye, ear, sense, soul o'er-
come—
Krishna is theirs in the forest; his heart forgets its home.

*Krishna, made for heavenly things,
'Mid those woodland singers sings;
With those dancers dances featly,
Gives back soft embraces sweetly;
Smiles on that one, toys with this,
Glance for glance and kiss for kiss;
Meets the merry damsels fairly,
Plays the round of folly rarely,
Lapped in milk-warm spring-time weather,
He and those brown girls together.*

*And this shadowed earthly love
In the twilight of the grove,
Dance and song and soft caresses,
Meeting looks and tangled tresses,
Jayadev the same hath writ,
That ye might have gain of it,
Sagely its deep sense conceiving
And its inner light believing;
How that Love—the mighty Master,
Lord of all the stars that cluster
In the sky, swiftest and slowest,
Lord of highest, Lord of lowest—
Manifests himself to mortals,
Winning them toward the portals
Of his secret House, the gates
Of that bright Paradise which waits
The wise in love. Ah, human creatures!
Even your phantasies are teachers.
Mighty Love makes sweet in seeming
Even Krishna's woodland dreaming;
Mighty Love sways all alike
From self to selflessness. Oh! strike
From your eyes the veil, and see
What Love willeth him to be
Who in error, but in grace,
Sitteth with that lotus-face,
And those eyes whose rays of heaven
Unto phantom-eyes are given;
Holding feasts of foolish mirth
With these Visions of the earth;
Learning love, and love imparting;
Yet with sense of loss upstarting:—
For the cloud that veils the fountains
Underneath the Sandal mountains,*

*How—as if the sunshine drew
 All its being to the blue—
 It takes flight, and seeks to rise
 High into the purer skies,
 High into the snow and frost,
 On the shining summits lost !
 Ah ! and how the Koils' strain
 Smites the traveller with pain,—
 When the mango blooms in spring,
 And “ Koo-hoo,” “ Koo-hoo,” they sing—
 Pain of pleasures not yet won,
 Pain of journeys not yet done,
 Pain of toiling without gaining,
 Pain, 'mid gladness, of still paining.*

But may He guide us all to glory high
 Who laughed when Radha glided, hidden, by,
 And all among those damsels free and bold
 Touched Krishna with a soft mouth, kind and cold ;
 And like the others, leaning on his breast,
 Unlike the others, left there Love's unrest ;
 And like the others, joining in his song,
 Unlike the others, made him silent long

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
 SAMODADAMODARO.)*

SARGA THE SECOND.

KLESHAKESHAVO.

THE PENITENCE OF KRISHNA.

THUS lingered Krishna in the deep, green wood,
 And gave himself, too prodigal, to those;
 But Radha, heart-sick at his falling-off,
 Seeing her heavenly beauty slighted so,
 Withdrew; and, in a bower of Paradise—
 Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,
 Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies—
 She sate deep-sorrowful, and sang this strain,

(*What follows is to the music GURJARÎ and the Mode
 YATI.*)

Ah, my Beloved! taken with those glances,
 Ah, my Beloved! dancing those rash dances,
 Ah, Minstrel! playing wrongful strains so well;
 Ah, Krishna! Krishna, with the honeyed lip!
 Ah, Wanderer into foolish fellowship!
 My Dancer, my Delight!—I love thee still.

O Dancer! strip thy peacock-crown away,
 Rise! thou whose forehead is the star of day,
 With beauty for its silver halo set;
 Come! thou whose greatness gleams beneath its shroud
 Like Indra's rainbow shining through the cloud—
 Come, for I love thee, my Beloved! yet.

Must love thee—cannot choose but love thee ever,
My best Beloved—set on this endeavor,
 To win thy tender heart and earnest eye
From lips but sadly sweet, from restless bosoms,
To mine, O Krishna with the mouth of blossoms!
 To mine, thou soul of Krishna! yet I sigh

Half hopeless, thinking of myself forsaken,
And thee, dear Loiterer, in the wood o'ertaken
 With passion for those bold and wanton ones,
Who knit thine arms as polson-plants gripe trees
With twining cords—their flowers the braveries
 That flash in the green gloom, sparkling gauds and
 stones.

My Prince! my Lotus-faced! my woe! my love!
Whose broad brow, with the tilka-spot above,
 Shames the bright moon at full with fleck of cloud;
Thou to mistake so little for so much!
Thou, Krishna, to be palm to palm with such!
 O Soul made for my joys, pure, perfect, proud!

Ah, my Beloved! in thy darkness dear;
Ah, Dancer! with the jewels in thine ear,
 Swinging to music of a loveless love;
O my Beloved! in thy fall so high
That angels, sages, spirits of the sky
 Linger about thee, watching in the grove.

I will be patient still, and draw thee ever,
My one Beloved, sitting by the river
 Under the thick Kadambas with that throng:
Will there not come an end to earthly madness?
Shall I not, past the sorrow, have the gladness?
 Must not the love-light shine for him ere long?

*Shine, thou Light by Radha given,
 Shine, thou splendid star of heaven!
 Be a lamp to Krishna's feet,
 Show to all hearts secrets sweet,
 Of the wonder and the love
 Jayadev hath writ above.
 Be the quick Interpreter
 Unto wisest ears of her
 Who always sings to all, " I wait,
 He loveth still who loveth late."*

For (sang on that high Lady in the shade)
 My soul for tenderness, not blame, was made;
 Mine eyes look through his evil to his good;
 My heart coins pleas for him; my fervent thought
 Prevents what he will say when these are naught,
 And that which I am shall be understood.

Then spake she to her maiden wistfully—

(*What follows is to the Music MÂLAVAGAUDA and the Mode
 EKATÂLÎ.*)

Go to him,—win him hither,—whisper low
 How he may find me if he searches well;
 Say, if he will—joys past his hope to know
 Await him here; go now to him, and tell
 Where Radha is, and that henceforth she charms
 His spirit to her arms.

Yes, go! say, if he will, that he may come—
 May come, my love, my longing, my desire;
 May come forgiven, shriven, to me his home,
 And make his happy peace; nay, and aspire
 To uplift Radha's veil, and learn at length
 What love is in its strength.

Lead him; say softly I shall chide his blindness,
And vex him with my angers; yet add this,
He shall not vainly sue for loving-kindness,
Nor miss to see me close, nor lose the bliss
That lives upon my lip, nor be denied
The rose-throne at my side.

Say that I—Radha—in my bower languish
All widowed, till he find the way to me;
Say that mine eyes are dim, my breast all anguish,
Until with gentle murmured shame I see
His steps come near, his anxious pleading face
Bend for my pardoning grace.

While I—what, did he deem light love so tender,
To tarry for them when the vow was made
To yield him up my bosom's maiden splendor,
And fold him in my fragrance, and unbraided
My shining hair for him, and clasp him close
To the gold heart of his Rose,

And sing him strains which only spirits know,
And make him captive with the silk-soft chain
Of twinned-wings brooding round him, and bestow
Kisses of Paradise, as pure as rain;
My gems, my moonlight-pearls, my girdle-gold,
Cymbaling music bold?

While gained for ever, I shall dare to grow
Life to life with him, in the realms divine;
And—Love's large cup at happy overflow,
Yet ever to be filled—his eyes and mine
Shall meet in that glad look, when Time's great gate
Closes and shuts out Fate.

*Listen to the unsaid things
Of the song which Radha sings,
For the soul draws near to bliss,
As it comprehendeth this.
I am Jayadev, who write
All this subtle-rich delight
For your teaching. Ponder, then,
What it tells to Gods and men.
Err not, watching Krishna gay,
With those brown girls all at play;
Understand how Radha charms
Her wandering lover to her arms,
Waiting with divinest love
Till his dream ends in the grove.*

For even now (she sang) I see him pause,
Heart-stricken with the waste of heart he makes
Amid them;—all the bows of their bent brows
Wound him no more: no more for all their sakes
Plays he one note upon his amorous lute,
But lets the strings lie mute.

Pensive, as if his parted lips should say—

“ My feet with the dances are weary,
The music has dropped from the song,
There is no more delight in the lute-strings,
Sweet Shadows! what thing has gone wrong?
The wings of the wind have left fanning
The palms of the glade;
They are dead, and the blossoms seem dying
In the place where we played.

“ We will play no more, beautiful Shadows!
A fancy came solemn and sad,

More sweet, with unspeakable longings,
 Than the best of the pleasures we had:
 I am not now the Krishna who kissed you;
 That exquisite dream,—
 The Vision I saw in my dancing—
 Has spoiled what you seem.

“ Ah! delicate phantoms that cheated
 With eyes that looked lasting and true,
 I awake,—I have seen her,—my angel—
 Farewell to the wood and to you!
 Oh, whisper of wonderful pity!
 Oh, fair face that shone!
 Though thou be a vision, Divinest!
 This vision is done.”

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gîta Govinda entitled KLESH-
 AKESHAVO.)

SARGA THE THIRD.

MUGDHAMADHUSUDANO.

KRISHNA TROUBLED.

THEREAT,—as one who welcomes to her throne
 A new-made Queen, and brings before it bound
 Her enemies,—so Krishna in his heart
 Throned Radha; and—all treasonous follies chained—
 He played no more with those first play-fellows:
 But, searching through the shadows of the grove
 For loveliest Radha,—when he found her not

Faint with the quest, despairing, lonely, lorn,
 And pierced with shame for wasted love and days,
 He sate by Jumna, where the canes are thick,
 And sang to the wood-echoes words like these:

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
 YATI.*)

Radha, Enchantress ! Radha, queen of all!
 Gone—lost, because she found me sinning here;
 And I so stricken with my foolish fall,
 I could not stay her out of shame and fear;
 She will not hear:
 In her disdain and grief vainly I call.

And if she heard, what would she do? what say?
 How could I make it good that I forgot?
 What profit was it to me, night and day,
 To live, love, dance, and dream, having her not?
 Soul without spot!
 I wronged thy patience, till it sighed away.

Sadly I see the truth. Ah! even now
 Remembering that one look beside the river,
 Softer the vexed eyes seem, and the proud brow
 Than lotus-leaves when the bees make them quiver.
 My love forever!
 Too late is Krishna wise—too far art thou!

Yet all day long in my deep heart I woo thee,
 And all night long with thee my dreams are sweet;
 Why, then, so vainly must my steps pursue thee?
 Why can I never reach thee to entreat,
 Low at thy feet,
 Dear vanished Splendor! till my tears subdue thee?

Surpassing One! I knew thou didst not brook
Half-hearted worship, and a love that wavers;
Haha! there is the wisdom I mistook,
Therefore I seek with desperate endeavors;
That fault dissevers
Me from my heaven, astray—condemned—forsook!

And yet I seem to feel, to know, thee near me;
Thy steps make music, measured music, near;
Radha! my Radha! will not-sorrow clear me?
Shine once! speak one word pitiful and dear!
Wilt thou not hear?
Canst thou—because I did forget—forsake me?

Forgive! the sin is sinned, is past, is over;
No thought I think shall do thee wrong again;
Turn thy dark eyes again upon thy lover,
Bright Spirit! or I perish of this pain.
Loving again!
In dread of doom to love, but not recover.

*So did Krishna sing and sigh
By the river-bank; and I,
Jayadev of Kinduvilva,
Resting—as the moon of silver
Sits upon the solemn ocean—
On full faith, in deep devotion;
Tell it that ye may perceive
How the heart must fret and grieve;
How the soul doth tire of earth,
When the love from Heav'n hath birth.*

For (sang he on) I am no foe of thine,
There is no black snake, Kama! in my hair:

Blue lotus-leaves, and not the poisoned brine,
 Shadow my neck; what stains my bosom bare,
 Thou God unfair!
 Is sandal-dust, not ashes; nought of mine

Makes me like Shiva that thou, Lord of Love!
 Shouldst strain thy string at me and fit thy dart;
 This world is thine—let me one breast thereof
 Which bleeds already, wounded to the heart
 With lasting smart,
 Shot from those brows that did my sin reprove.

Thou gavest her those black brows for a bow
 Arched like thine own, whose pointed arrows seem
 Her glances, and the underlids that go—
 So firm and fine—its string? Ah, fleeting gleam!
 Beautiful dream!
 Small need of Kama's help hast thou, I trow,

To smite me to the soul with love;—but set
 Those arrows to their silken cord! enchain
 My thoughts in that loose hair! let thy lips, wet
 With dew of heaven as bimba-buds with rain,
 Bloom precious pain
 Of longing in my heart; and, keener yet,

The heaving of thy lovely, angry bosom,
 Pant to my spirit things unseen, unsaid;
 But if thy touch, thy tones, if the dark blossom
 Of thy dear face, thy jasmine-odors shed
 From feet to head,
 If these be all with me, canst thou be far—be fied?

*So sang he, and I pray that whoso hears
 The music of his burning hopes and fears,*

*That whoso sees this vision by the River
Of Krishna, Hari, (can we name him ever?)
And marks his ear-ring rubies swinging slow,
As he sits still, unheedful, bending low
To play this tune upon his lute, while all
Listen to catch the sadness musical;
And Krishna wotteth nought, but, with set face
Turned full toward Radha's, plays on in that place;
May all such souls—prays Jayadev—be wise
To learn the wisdom which hereunder lies.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gêta Govinda entitled
MUGDHAMADHUSUDANO.)*

SARGA THE FOURTH

SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.

KRISHNA CHEERED.

THEN she whom Radha sent came to the canes—
The canes beside the river where he lay
With listless limbs and spirit weak from love;—
And she sang this to Krishna wistfully.

*(What follows is to the Music KARNÂTA and the Mode
EKATÂLÎ.)*

Art thou sick for Radha? she is sad in turn,
Heaven foregoes its blessings, if it holds not thee;
All the cooling fragrance of sandal she doth spurn,
Moonlight makes her mournful with radiance silvery;

Even the southern breeze blown fresh from pearly seas,
Seems to her but tainted by a dolorous brine;
And for thy sake discontented, with a great love over-
laden,
Her soul comes here beside thee, and sitteth down
with thine.

Her soul comes here beside thee, and tenderly and true
It weaves a subtle mail of proof to ward off sin and
pain;
A breastplate soft as lotus-leaf, with holy tears for dew,
To guard thee from the things that hurt; and then 'tis
gone again
To strew a blissful place with the richest buds that grace
Kama's sweet world, a meeting-spot with rose and jas-
mine fair,
For the hour when, well-contented, with a love no
longer troubled,
Thou shalt find the way to Radha, and finish sorrows
there.

But now her lovely face is shadowed by her fears;
Her glorious eyes are veiled and dim like moonlight in
eclipse
By breaking rain-clouds, Krishna! yet she paints you in
her tears
With tender thoughts—not Krishna, but brow and
breast and lips
And form and mien a King, a great and god like thing;
And then with bended head she asks grace from the
Love Divine,
To keep thee discontented with the phantoms thou for-
swarest,
Till she may win her glory, and thou be raised to thine.

Softly now she sayeth,
 " Krishna, Krishna, come!"
 Lovingly she prayeth,
 " Fair moon, light him home."
 Yet if Hari helps not,
 Moonlight cannot aid;
 Ah! the wōeful Radha!
 Ah! the forest shade!

Ah! if Hari guide not,
 Moonlight is as gloom;
 Ah! if moonlight help not,
 How shall Krishna come?
 Sad for Krishna grieving
 In the darkened grove;
 Sad for Radha weaving
 Dreams of fruitless love!

*Strike soft strings to this soft measure,
 If thine ear would catch its treasure;
 Slowly dance to this deep song,
 Let its meaning float along
 With grave paces, since it tells
 Of a love that sweetly dwells
 In a tender distant glory,
 Past all faults of mortal story.*

(What follows is to the Music DESHÂGA and the Mode
 EKATÂLÎ.)

Krishna, till thou come unto her, faint she lies with love
 and fear!
 Even the jewels of her necklet seem a load too great to
 bear.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, all the sandal and the
flowers
Vex her with their pure perfection though they grow in
heavenly bowers.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, fair albeit those bowers
may be,
Passion burns her, and love's fire fevers her for lack of
thee.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, those divine lids, dark
and tender,
Droop like lotus-leaves in rain-storms, dashed and heavy
in their splendor.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, that rose-couch which
she hath spread
Saddens with its empty place, its double pillow for one
head.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, from her palms she will
not lift
The dark face hidden deep within them like the moon in
cloudy rift.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, angel though she be,
thy Love
Sighs and suffers, waits and watches—joyless 'mid those
joys above.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, with the comfort of thy
kiss
Deeper than thy loss, O Krishna! must be loss of Radha's
bliss.

Krishna, while thou didst forget her—her, thy life, thy
gentle fate—
Wonderful her waiting was, her pity sweet, her patience
great.

Krishna, come! 'tis grief untold to grieve her—shame to
let her sigh;
Come, for she is sick with love, and thou her only
remedy.

*So she sang, and Jayadeva
Prays for all, and prays for ever,
That Great Hari may bestow
Utmost bliss of loving so
On us all;—that one who wore
The herdsman's form, and heretofore,
To save the shepherd's threatened flock,
Up from the earth reared the huge rock—
Bestow it with a gracious hand,
Albeit, amid the woodland band,
Clinging close in fond caresses
Krishna gave them ardent kisses,
Taking on his lips divine
Earthly stamp and woodland sign.*

*{Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled
SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.*

SARGA THE FIFTH.

SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKAKSHO.

THE LONGINGS OF KRISHNA.

“ SAY I am here! oh, if she pardons me,
 Say where I am, and win her softly hither,”
 So Krishna to the maid; and willingly
 She came again to Radha, and she sang

(*What follows is to the Music DESHIVARÂDÎ and the Mode
 RUPAKA.*)

Low whispers the wind from Malaya
 Overladen with love;
 On the hills all the grass is burned yellow;
 And the trees in the grove
 Droop with tendrils that mock by their clinging
 The thoughts of the parted;
 And there lies, sore-sighing for thee,
 Thy love, altered-hearted.

To him the moon's icy-chill silver
 Is a sun at midday;
 The fever he burns with is deeper
 Than starlight can stay:
 Like one who falls stricken by arrows,
 With the color departed
 From all but his red wounds, so lies
 Thy love, bleeding-hearted.

To the music the banded bees make him
 He closeth his ear;
 In the blossoms their small horns are blowing
 The honey-song clear;
 But as if every sting to his bosom
 Its smart had imparted,
 Low lies by the edge of the river,
 Thy love, aching-hearted.

By the edge of the river, far wandered
 From his once beloved bowers,
 And the haunts of his beautiful playmates,
 And the beds strewn with flowers;
 Now thy name is his playmate—that only!—
 And the hard rocks upstarted
 From the sand make the couch where he lies,
 Thy Krishna, sad-hearted.

*Oh may Hari fill each soul,
 As these gentle verses roll
 Telling of the anguish borne
 By kindred ones asunder torn!
 Oh may Hari unto each
 All the lore of loving teach,
 All the pain and all the bliss;
 Jayadeva prayeth this!*

Yea, Lady! in the self-same spot he waits
 Where with thy kiss thou taught'st him utmost love,
 And drew him, as none else draws, with thy look;
 And all day long, and all night long, his cry
 Is "Radha, Radha," like a spell said o'er;
 And in his heart there lives no wish nor hope
 Save only this, to slake his spirit's thirst
 For Radha's love on Radha's lips; and find
 Peace in the immortal beauty of thy brow.

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
EKATÂLÎ.*)

Mistress, sweet and bright and holy!
 Meet him in that place;
 Change his cheerless melancholy
 Into joy and grace;
 If thou hast forgiven, vex not;
 If thou lovest, go;
 Watching ever by the river,
 Krishna listens low:

Listens low, and on his reed there
 Softly sounds by name,
 Making even mute things plead there
 For his hope: 'tis shame
 That, while winds are welcome to him,
 If from thee they blow,
 Mournful ever by the river
 Krishna waits thee so!

When a bird's wing stirs the roses,
 When a leaf falls dead,
 Twenty times he recomposes
 The flower-seat he has spread:
 Twenty times, with anxious glances
 Seeking thee in vain,
 Sighing ever by the river,
 Krishna droops again,

Loosen from thy foot the bangle,
 Lest its golden bell,
 With a tiny, tattling jangle,
 Any false tale tell:

If thou fearest that the moonlight
Will thy glad face know,
Draw those dark braids lower, Lady!
But to Krishna go.

Swift and still as lightning's splendor
Let thy beauty come,
Sudden, gracious, dazzling, tender,
To his arms—its home:
Swift as Indra's yellow lightning,
Shining through the night,
Glide to Krishna's lonely bosom,
Take him love and light.

Grant, at last, love's utmost measure,
Giving, give the whole;
Keep back nothing of the treasure
Of thy priceless soul:
Hold with both hands out unto him
Thy chalice, let him drain
The nectar of its dearest draught,
Till not a wish remain.

Only go—the stars are setting,
And thy Krishna grieves;
Doubt and anger quite forgetting,
Hasten through the leaves:
Wherefore didst thou lead him heav'nward
But for this thing's sake?
Comfort him with pity, Radha!
Or his heart must break.

*But while Jayadeva writes
This rare tale of deep delights—
Jayadev, whose heart is given
Unto Hari, Lord in Heaven—*

*See that ye too, as ye read,
With a glad and humble heed,
Bend your brows before His face,
That ye may have bliss and grace.*

And then the Maid, compassionate, sang on—

Lady, most sweet!
For thy coming feet
He listens in the wood, with love sore-tried;
Faintly sighing,
Like one a-dying,
He sends his thoughts afoot to meet his bride.

Ah, silent one!
Sunk is the sun,
The darkness falls as deep as Krishna's sorrow;
The chakor's strain
Is not more vain
Than mine, and soon gray dawn will bring white
morrow.

And thine own bliss
Delays by this;
The utmost of thy heaven comes only so
When, with hearts beating
And passionate greeting,
Parting is over, and the parted grow

One—one for ever!
And the old endeavor
To be so blended is assuaged at last;
And the glad tears raining
Have nought remaining
Of doubt or 'plaining; and the dread has passed

Out of each face,
 In the close embrace,
 That by-and-by embracing will be over;
 The ache that causes
 Those mournful pauses
 In bowers of earth between lover and lover:

To be no more felt,
 To fade, to melt
 In the strong certainty of joys immortal;
 In the glad meeting,
 And quick sweet greeting
 Of lips that close beyond Time's shadowy portal.

And to thee is given,
 Angel of Heaven!
 This glory and this joy with Krishna. Go!
 Let him attain,
 For his long pain,
 The prize it promised,—see thee coming slow.

A vision first, but then—
 By glade and glen—
 A lovely, loving soul, true to its home;
 His Queen—his Crown—his All,
 Hast'ning at last to fall
 Upon his breast, and live there. Radha, come!

*Come! and come thou, Lord of all,
 Unto whom the Three Worlds call;
 Thou, that didst in angry might,
 Kansa, like a comet, smite;
 Thou, that in thy passion tender,
 An incarnate spell and splendor,
 Hung on Radha's glorious face—
 In the garb of Krishna's grace—*

*As above the bloom the bee,
 When the honeyed revelry
 Is too subtle-sweet an one
 Not to hang and dally on ;
 Thou that art the Three Worlds' glory
 Of life the light, of every story
 The meaning and the mark, of love
 The root and flower, o' the sky above
 The blue, of bliss the heart, of those,
 The lovers, that which did impose
 The gentle law, that each should be
 The other's Heav'n and harmony.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
 SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKAKSHO.)*

SARGA THE SIXTH.

DHRISHTA VAIKUNTO.

KRISHNA MADE BOLDER.

BUT seeing that, for all her loving will,
 The flower-soft feet of Radha had not power
 To leave their place and go, she sped again—
 That maiden—and to Krishna's eager ears
 Told how it fared with his sweet mistress there.

*(What follows is to the Music GONDAKIRÎ and the Mode
 RUPAKA.)*

Krishna! 'tis thou must come, (she sang)
 Ever she waits thee in heavenly bower;
 The lotus seeks not the wandering bee,
 The bee must find the flower.

All the wood over her deep eyes roam,
 Marvelling sore where tarries the bee,
 Who leaves such lips of nectar unsought
 As those that blossom for thee.

Her steps would fail if she tried to come,
 Would falter and fail, with yearning weak;
 At the first of the road they would falter and pause,
 And the way is strange to seek.

Find her where she is sitting, then,
 With lotus-blossom on ankle and arm
 Wearing thine emblems, and musing of nought
 But the meeting to be—glad, warm.

To be—"but wherefore tarrieth he?"
 "What can stay or delay him?—go!
 See if the soul of Krishna comes,"
 Ten times she sayeth to me so;

Ten times lost in a languorous swoon,
 "Now he cometh—he cometh," she cries;
 And a love-look lights her eyes in the gloom,
 And the darkness is sweet with her sighs.

Till, watching in vain, she sinks again
 Under the shade of the whispering leaves,
 With a heart too full of its love at last
 To heed how her bosom heaves.

*Shall not these fair verses swell
 The number of the wise who dwell
 In the realm of Kama's bliss?
 Jayadev prayeth this,
 Jayadev, the bard of Love,
 Servant of the Gods above.*

For all so strong in Heaven itself
Is Love, that Radha sits drooping there,
Her beautiful bosoms panting with thought,
And the braids drawn back from her ear.

And—angel albeit—her rich lips breathe
Sighs, if sighs were ever so sweet;
And—if spirits can tremble—she trembles now
From forehead to jewelled feet,

And her voice of music sinks to a sob,
And her eyes, like eyes of a mated roe,
Are tender with looks of yielded love,
With dreams dreamed long ago;

Long—long ago, but soon to grow truth,
To end, and be waking and certain and true;
Of which dear surety murmur her lips,
As the lips of sleepers do:

And, dreaming, she loosens her girdle-pearls,
And opens her arms to the empty air,
Then starts, if a leaf of the champâk falls,
Sighing, “O leaf! is he there?”

Why dost thou linger in this dull spot,
Haunted by serpents and evil for thee?
Why not hasten to Nanda's House?
It is plain, if thine eyes could see.

*May these words of high endeavor—
Full of grace and gentle favor—
Find out those whose hearts can feel
What the message did reveal,*

*Words that Radha's messenger
Unto Krishna took from her,
Slowly guiding him to come
Through the forest to his home,
Guiding him to find the road
Which led—though long—to Love's abode.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
DHRISHTAVAIKUNTO.)*

SARGA THE SEVENTH.

VIPRALABDHAVARNANE
NAGARANARAYANO.

KRISHNA SUPPOSED FALSE.

MEANTIME the moon, the rolling moon, clomb high,
And over all Vrindāvana it shone;
The moon which on the front of gentle night
Gleams like the chundun-mark on beauty's brow;
The conscious moon which hath its silver face
Marred with the shame of lighting earthly loves:

And while the round white lamp of earth rose higher,
And still he tarried, Radha, petulant,
Sung soft impatience and half-earnest fears.

(What follows is to the Music MĀLAVA and the Mode YATI.)

'Tis time!—he comes not!—will he come?

Can he leave me thus to pine?

Yami hé kam sharanam!

Ah! what refuge then is mine?

For his sake I sought the wood,
 Threaded dark and devious ways;
Yami hé kam sharanam!
 Can it be Krishna betrays?

Let me die then, and forget
 Anguish, patience, hope, and fear;
Yami hé kam sharanam!
 Ah, why have I held him dear?

Ah, this soft night torments me,
 Thinking that his faithless arms—
Yami hé kam sharanam!—
 Clasp some shadow of my charms.

Fatal shadow—foolish mock!
 When the great love shone confessed;—
Yami hé kam sharanam!
 Krishna's lotus loads my breast;

'Tis too heavy, lacking him;
 Like a broken flower I am—
 Necklets, jewels, what are ye?
Yami hé kam sharanam!

Yami hé kam sharanam!
 The sky is still, the forest sleeps;
 Krishna forgets—he loves no more;
 He fails in faith, and Radha weeps.

*But the poet Jayadev—
 He who is great Hari's slave,
 He who finds asylum sweet
 Only at great Hari's feet;
 He who for your comfort sings
 All th's to the Vina's strings—*

*Prays that Radha's tender moan
In your hearts be thought upon,
And that all her holy grace
Live there like the loved one's face.*

Yet, if I wrong him (sang she)—can he fail?
Could any in the wood win back his kisses?
Could any softest lips of earth prevail
To hold him from my arms? any love-blisses

Blind him once more to mine? O Soul, my prize!
Art thou not merely hindered at this hour?
Sore-wearied, wandering, lost? how otherwise
Shouldst thou not hasten to the bridal-bower?

But seeing far away that Maiden come
Alone, with eyes cast down and lingering steps,
Again a little while she feared to hear
Of Krishna false; and her quick thoughts took shape
In a fine jealousy, with words like these—

Something then of earth has held him
From his home above,
Some one of those slight deceivers—
Ah, my foolish love!

Some new face, some winsome playmate,
With her hair untied,
And the blossoms tangled in it,
Woos him to her side.

On the dark orbs of her bosom—
Passionately heaved—
Sink and rise the warm, white pearl-strings,
Oh, my love deceived!

Fair? yes, yes! the rippled shadow
 Of that midnight hair
 Shows above her brow—as clouds do
 O'er the moon—most fair:

And she knows, with wilful paces,
 How to make her zone
 Gleam and please him; and her ear-rings
 Tinkle love; and grown

Coy as he grows fond, she meets him
 With a modest show;
 Shaming truth with truthful seeming,
 While her laugh—light, low—

And her subtle mouth that murmurs,
 And her silken cheek,
 And her eyes, say she dissembles
 Plain as speech could speak.

Till at length, a fatal victress,
 Of her triumph vain,
 On his neck she lies and smiles there:—
 Ah, my Joy!—my Pain!

*But may Radha's fond annoy,
 And may Krishna's dawning joy,
 Warm and waken love more fit—
 Jayadeva prayeth it—
 And the griefs and sins assuage
 Of this blind and evil age.*

O Moon! (she sang) that art so pure and pale,
 Is Krishna wan like thee with lonely waiting?
 O lamp of love! art thou the lover's friend,
 And wilt not bring him, my long pain abating?

O fruitless moon! thou dost increase my pain;
O faithless Krishna! I have striven in vain.

And then, lost in her fancies sad, she moaned—

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
EKATÂLÎ.*)

In vain, in vain!
Earth will of earth! I mourn more than I blame;
If he had known, he would not sit and paint
The tilka on her smooth black brow, nor claim
Quick kisses from her yielded lips—false, faint—
False, fragrant, fatal! Krishna's quest is o'er
By Jumna's shore!

Vain—it was vain!
The temptress was too near, the heav'n too far;
I can but weep because he sits and ties
Garlands of fire-flowers for her loosened hair,
And in its silken shadow veils his eyes
And buries his fond face. Yet I forgave
By Jumna's wave!

Vainly! all vain!
Make then the most of that whereto thou'rt given,
Feign her thy Paradise—thy Love of loves;
Say that her eyes are stars, her face the heaven,
Her bosoms the two worlds, with sandal groves
Faint-scented, and the kiss-marks—ah, thy dream
By Jumna's stream!

It shall be vain!
And vain to string the emeralds on her arm
And hang the milky pearls upon her neck,

Saying they are not jewels, but a swarm
 Of crowded, glossy bees, come there to suck
 The rosebuds of her breast, the sweetest flowers
 Of Jumna's bowers.

That shall be vain!

Nor wilt thou so believe thine own blind wooing,
 Nor slake thy heart's thirst even with the cup
 Which at the last she brims for thee, undoing
 Her girdle of carved gold, and yielding up,
 Love's uttermost: brief the poor gain and pride
 By Jumna's tide

Because still vain

Is love that feeds on shadow; vain, as thou dost,
 To look so deep into the phantom eyes
 For that which lives not there; and vain, as thou must,
 To marvel why thy painted pleasure flies,
 When the fair, false wings seemed folded for ever
 By Jumna's river.

And vain! yes, vain!

For me too is it, having so much striven,
 To see this fine snare take thee, and thy soul
 Which should have climbed to mine, and shared my
 heaven,
 Spent on a lower loveliness, whose whole
 Passion of love were but a parody
 Of that kept here for thee.

Ahaha! vain!

For on some isle of Jumna's silver stream
 He gives all that they ask to those dull eyes,
 While mine which are his angel's, mine which gleam
 With light that might have led him to the skies—
 That almost led him—are eclipsed with tears
 Wailing my fruitless prayers.

But thou, good Friend,
 Hang not thy head for shame, nor come so slowly,
 As one whose message is too hard to tell;
 If thou must say Krishna is forfeit wholly—
 Wholly forsworn and lost—let the grief dwell
 Where the sin doth,—except in this sad heart,
 Which cannot shun its part.

*O great Hari! purge from wrong
 The soul of him who writes this song;
 Purge the souls of those that read
 From every fault of thought and deed;
 With thy blessed light assuage
 The darkness of this evil age!
 Jayadev the bard of love,
 Servant of the Gods above,
 Prays it for himself and you—
 Gentle hearts who listen!—too.*

Then in this other strain she wailed his loss —

(*What follows is to the Music DESHAVARÂDÎ and the Mode
 RUPAKA.*)

She, not Radha, wins the crown
 Whose false lips were dearest;
 What was distant gain to him
 When sweet loss stood nearest?
 Love her, therefore, lulled to loss
 On her fatal bosom;
 Love her with such love as she
 Can give back in the blossom.
 Love her, O thou rash lost soul!
 With thy thousand graces;
 Coin rare thoughts into fair words
 For her face of faces;

Praise it, fling away for it
Life's purpose in a sigh,
All for those lips like flower-leaves,
And lotus-dark deep eye.

Nay, and thou shalt be happy too
Till the fond dream is over;
And she shall taste delight to hear
The wooing of her lover;
The breeze that brings the sandal up
From distant green Malay,
Shall seem all fragrance in the night,
All coolness in the day.

The crescent moon shall seem to swim
Only that she may see
The glad eyes of my Krishna gleam,
And her soft glances he;
It shall be as a silver lamp
Set in the sky to show
The rose-leaf palms that cling and clasp,
And the breast that beats below.

The thought of parting shall not lie
Cold on their throbbing lives,
The dread of ending shall not chill
The glow beginning gives;
She in her beauty dark shall look—
As long as clouds can be—
As gracious as the rain-time cloud
Kissing the shining sea.

And he, amid his playmates old,
At least a little while,
Shall not breathe forth again the sigh
That spoils the song and smile;

Shall be left wholly to his choice,
 Free for his pleasant sin,
 With the golden-girdled damsels
 Of the bowers I found him in.

For me, his Angel, only
 The sorrow and the smart,
 The pale grief sitting on the brow
 The dead hope in the heart;
 For me the loss of losing,
 For me the ache and dearth;
 My king crowned with the wood-flowers!
 My fairest upon earth!

*Hari, Lord and King of love!
 From thy throne of light above
 Stoop to help us, deign to take
 Our spirits to thee for the sake
 Of this song, which speaks the fears
 Of all who weep with Radha's tears.*

But love is strong to pardon, slow to part,
 And still the Lady, in her fancies, sang—
 Wind of the Indian stream!
 A little—oh! a little—breathe once more
 The fragrance like his mouth's! blow from thy shore
 A last word as he fades into a dream;

Bodiless Lord of love!
 Show him once more to me a minute's space,
 My Krishna, with the love-look in his face,
 And then I come to my own place above;

I will depart and give
 All back to Fate and her : I will submit
 To thy stern will, and bow myself to it,
 Enduring still, though desolate, to live :

If it indeed be life,
 Even so resigning, to sit patience-mad,
 To feel the zephyrs burn, the sunlight sad,
 The peace of holy heaven, a restless strife.

Haho! what words are these?
 How can I live and lose him? how not go
 Whither love draws me for a soul loved so?
 How yet endure such sorrow?—or how cease?

Wind of the Indian wave!
 If that thou canst, blow poison here, not nard;
 God of the five shafts! shoot thy sharpest hard,
 And kill me, Radha,—Radha who forgave!

Or, bitter River,
 Yamûn! be Yama's sister! be Death's kin!
 Swell thy wave up to me and gulf me in,
 Cooling this cruel, burning pain forever.

*Ah! if only visions stir
 Grief so passionate in her,
 What divine grief will not take,
 Spirits in heaven for the sake
 Of those who miss love? Oh, be wise!
 Mark this story of the skies;
 Meditate Govinda ever,
 Sitting by the sacred river,
 The mystic stream, which o'er his feet
 Glides slow, with murmurs low and sweet,
 Till none can tell whether those be
 Blue lotus-blooms, seen veiledly
 Under the wave, or mirrored gems
 Reflected from the diadems*

*Bound on the brows of mighty Gods,
Who lean from out their pure abodes,
And leave their bright felicities
To guide great Krishna to his skies.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gîat Govinda entitled
VIPRALABDHAVARNANE NAGARANARAYANO.)*

SARGA THE EIGHTH.

K H A N D I T A V A R N A N E
V I L A K S H A L A K S H M I P A T I.

THE REBUKING OF KRISHNA.

FOR when the weary night had worn away
In these vain fears, and the clear morning broke,
Lo, Krishna! lo, the longed-for of her soul
Came too!—in the glad light he came, and bent
His knees, and clasped his hands; on his dumb lips
Fear, wonder, joy, passion, and reverence
Strove for the trembling words, and Radha knew
Joy won for him and her; yet none the less
A little time she chided him, and sang,

*(What follows is to the Music BHAIKAVÎ and the Mode
YATI.)*

Krishna!—then thou hast found me!—and thine eyes
Heavy and sad and stained, as if with weeping!
Ah! is it not that those which were thy prize
So radiant seemed that all night thou wert keeping

Vigils of tender wooing?—have thy Love!
 Here is no place for vows broken in making;
 Thou Lotus-eyed! thou soul for whom I strove!
 Go! ere I listen, my just mind forsaking.

Krishna! my Krishna with the woodland-wreath!
 Return, or I shall soften as I blame;
 The while thy very lips are dark to the teeth
 With dye that from her lids and lashes came,
 Left on the mouth I touched. Fair traitor! go!
 Say not they darkened, lacking food and sleep
 Long waiting for my face; I turn it—so—
 Go! ere I half believe thee, pleading deep;

But wilt thou plead, when, like a love-verse printed
 On the smooth polish of an emerald,
 I see the marks she stamped, the kisses dinted
 Large lettered, by her lips? thy speech withheld
 Speaks all too plainly; go,—abide thy choice!
 If thou dost stay, I shall more greatly grieve thee;
 Not records of her victory?—peace, dear voice!
 Hence with that godlike brow, lest I believe thee.

For dar'st thou feign the saffron on thy bosom
 Was not implanted in disloyal embrace?
 Or that this many-colored love-tree blossom
 Shone not, but yesternight, above her face?
 Comest thou here, so late, to be forgiven,
 O thou, in whose eyes Truth was made to live?
 O thou, so worthy else of grace and heaven?
 O thou, so nearly won? Ere I forgive,
 Go, Krishna! go!—lest I should think, unwise,
 Thy heart not false, as thy long lingering seems,
 Lest, seeing myself so imaged in thine eyes,
 I shame the name of Pity—turn to dreams

The sacred sound of vows; make Virtue grudge
 Her praise to Mercy, calling thy sins light;
 Go therefore, dear offender! go! thy Judge
 Had best not see thee to give sentence right.*

*But may he grant us peace at last and bliss
 Who heard,—and smiled to hear,—delays like this,
 Delays that dallied with a dream come true,
 Fond wilful angers; for the maid laughed too
 To see, as Radha ended, her hand take
 His dark robe for her veil, and Krishna make
 The word she spoke for parting kindest sign
 He should not go, but stay. O grace divine,
 Be ours too! Jayadev, the Poet of love
 Prays it from Hari, lordliest above.*

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
 KHANDITAVARNANE VILAKSHALAKSHMIPATI.)

SARGA THE NINTH.

K A L A H A N T A R I T A V A R N A N E
 M U G D H A M U K U N D O.

THE END OF KRISHNA'S TRIAL.

YET not quite did the doubts of Radha die,
 Nor her sweet brows unbend; but she, the Maid—
 Knowing her heart so tender, her soft arms
 Aching to take him in, her rich mouth sad
 For the coming of his kiss, and these fears false—
 Spake yet a little in fair words like these,

* The text here is not closely followed.

(What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
YATL.)

The lesson that thy faithful love has taught him
 He has heard;
The wind of spring, obeying thee, hath brought him
 At thy word;
What joy in all the three worlds was so precious
 To thy mind?
Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,*
 Ah, be kind!

No longer from his earnest eyes conceal
 Thy delights;
Lift thy face, and let the jealous veil reveal
 All his rights;
The glory of thy beauty was but given
 For content;
Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
 Oh, relent!

Remember, being distant, how he bore thee
 In his heart;
Look on him sadly turning from before thee
 To depart;
Is he not the soul thou lovedst, sitting lonely
 In the wood?
Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
 'Tis not good!

He who grants thee high delight in bridal-bower
 Pardons long;
What the gods do love may do at such an hour
 Without wrong;

* My proud one! do not indulge in scorn.

Why weepest thou? why keepest thou in anger
Thy lashes down?

Má kooroo mânini mânamayè,
Do not frown!

Lift thine eyes now, and look on him, bestowing,
Without speech;
Let him pluck at last the flower so sweetly growing
In his reach;

The fruit of lips, of loving tones, of glances
That forgive;

Má kooroo mânini mânamayè,
Let him live!

Let him speak with thee, and pray to thee, and prove
thee

All his truth;

Let his silent loving lamentation move thee

Asking ruth;

How knowest thou? Ah, listen, dearest Lady,

He is there;

Má kooroo mânini mânamayè,
Thou must hear!

*O rare voice, which is a spell
Unto all on earth who dwell!
O rich voice of rapturous love,
Making melody above!
Krishna's, Hari's—one in two,
Sound these mortal verses through!
Sound like that soft flute which made
Such a magic in the shade—
Calling deer-eyed maidens nigh,
Waking wish and stirring sigh,*

*Thrilling blood and melting breasts,
Whispering love's divine unrests,
Winning blessings to descend,
Bringing earthly ills to end;—
Be thou heard in this song now
Thou, the great Enchantment, thou!*

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gîta Govinda entitled
KALAHANTARITAVARNANE MUGDHAMUKUNDO.*)

SARGA THE TENTH.

MANINIVARNANE
CHATURACHATURBHUJO.

KRISHNA IN PARADISE.

BUT she, abasing still her glorious eyes,
And still not yielding all her face to him,
Relented, till with softer upturned look
She smiled, while the Maid pleaded; so thereat
Came Krishna nearer, and his eager lips
Mixed sighs with words in this fond song he sang,

(*What follows is to the Music DESHÎYAVARÂDÎ and the
Mode ASHTATÂLÎ.*)

O angel of my hope! O my heart's home!
My fear is lost in love, my love in fear;
This bids me trust my burning wish, and come,
That checks me with its memories, drawing near:
Lift up thy look, and let the thing it saith
End fear with grace, or darken love to death.

Or only speak once more, for though thou slay me,
Thy heavenly mouth must move, and I shall hear
Dulcet delights of perfect music sway me
Again—again that voice so blest and dear;
Sweet Judge! the prisoner prayeth for his doom
That he may hear his fate divinely come.

Speak once more! then thou canst not choose but show
Thy mouth's unparalleled and honeyed wonder
Where, like pearls hid in red lipped shells, the row
Of pearly teeth thy rose-red lips lie under;
Ah me! I am that bird that woos the moon,
And pipes—poor fool! to make it glitter soon.

Yet hear me on—because I cannot stay
The passion of my soul, because my gladness
Will pour forth from my heart,—since that far day
When through the mist of all my sin and sadness
Thou didst vouchsafe—Surpassing One!—to break,
All else I slighted for thy noblest sake. .

Thou, thou hast been my blood, my breath, my being;
The pearl to plunge for in the sea of life;
The sight to strain for, past the bounds of seeing;
The victory to win through longest strife;
My Queen! my crownèd Mistress! my sphered bride!
Take this for truth, that what I say beside

Of bold love—grown full-orbed at sight of thee—
May be forgiven with a quick remission;
For, thou divine fulfilment of all hope!
Thou all-undreamed completion of the vision!
I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear
Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.

So if thou'rt angry still, this shall avail,
 Look straight at me, and let thy bright glance wound
 me;

Fetter me! gyve me! lock me in the gaol
 Of thy delicious arms; make fast around me
 The silk-soft manacles of wrists and hands,
 Then kill me! I shall never break those bands.

The starlight jewels flashing on thy breast
 Have not my right to hear thy beating heart;
 The happy jasmine-buds that clasp thy waist
 Are soft usurpers of my place and part;
 If that fair girdle only there must shine,
 Give me the girdle's life—the girdle mine!

Thy brow like smooth Bandhûka-leaves; thy cheek
 Which the dark-tinted Madhuk's velvet shows;
 Thy long-lashed Lotus eyes, lustrous and meek;
 Thy nose a Tila-bud; thy teeth like rows
 Of Kunda-petals! he who pierceth hearts
 Points with thy loveliness all five darts.

But Radiant, Perfect, Sweet, Supreme, forgive!
 My heart is wise—my tongue is foolish still:
 I know where I am come—I know I live—
 I know that thou art Radha—that this will
 Last and be heaven: that I have leave to rise
 Up from thy feet, and look into thine eyes!

And, nearer coming, I ask for grace
 Now that the blest eyes turn to mine;
 Faithful I stand in this sacred place
 Since first I saw them shine:
 Dearest glory that stills my voice,
 Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought:
 Splendor of love, in whose sweet light

Darkness is past and nought;
 Ah, beyond words that sound on earth,
 Golden bloom of the garden of heaven!
 Radha, enchantress! Radha, the queen!
 Be this trespass forgiven—
 In that I dare, with courage too much
 And a heart afraid,—so bold it is grown—
 To hold thy hand with a bridegroom's touch,
 And take thee for mine, mine own.*

*So they met and so they ended
 Pain and parting, being blended
 Life with life—made one for ever
 In high love; and Jayadeva
 Hasteneth on to close the story
 Of their bridal grace and glory.*

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
 MANINIVARMANE CHATURACHATURBUJO.)

SARGA THE ELEVENTH.

RADHIKAMILANE
 SANANDADAMODARO.

THE UNION OF RADHA AND KRISHNA.

THUS followed soft and lasting peace, and griefs
 Died while she listened to his tender tongue,
 Her eyes of antelope alight with love;
 And while he led the way to the bride-bower
 The maidens of her train adorned her fair
 With golden marriage-cloths, and sang this song,

* Much here also is necessarily paraphrased.

(*What follows is to the Music VASANTA and the Mode
YATI.*)

Follow, happy Radha! follow,—
 In the quiet falling twilight—
 The steps of him who followed thee
 So steadfastly and far;
 Let us bring thee where the Banjulas
 Have spread a roof of crimson,
 Lit up by many a marriage-lamp
 Of planet, sun, and star:
 For the hours of doubt are over,
 And thy glad and faithful lover
 Hath found the road by tears and prayers
 To thy divinest side;
 And thou wilt not now deny him
 One delight of all thy beauty,
 But yield up open-hearted
 His pearl, his prize, his bride.

Oh, follow! while we fill the air
 With songs and softest music;
 Lauding thy wedded loveliness,
 Dear Mistress past compare!
 For there is not any splendor
 Of Apsarasas immortal—
 No glory of their beauty rich—
 But Radha has a share;
 Oh, follow! while we sing the song
 That fills the worlds with longing,
 The music of the Lord of love
 Who melts all hearts with bliss;

For now is born the gladness
That springs from mortal sadness,
And all soft thoughts and things and hopes
Were presages of this.

Then, follow, happiest Lady!
Follow him thou lovest wholly;
The hour is come to follow now
The soul thy spells have led;
His are thy breasts like jasper-cups,
And his thine eyes like planets;
Thy fragrant hair, thy stately neck,
Thy queenly sumptuous head;
Thy soft small feet, thy perfect lips,
Thy teeth like jasmine petals,
Thy gleaming rounded shoulders,
And long caressing arms,
Being thine to give, are his; and his
The twin strings of thy girdle,
And his the priceless treasure
Of thine utter-sweetest charms.

So follow! while the flowers break forth
In white and amber clusters,
At the breath of thy pure presence,
And the radiance on thy brow;
Oh, follow where the Asokas wave
Their sprays of gold and purple,
As if to beckon thee the way
That Krishna passed but now;
He is gone a little forward!
Though thy steps are faint for pleasure,
Let him hear the tattling ripple

Of the bangles round thy feet;
 Moving slowly o'er the blossoms
 On the path which he has shown thee,
 That when he turns to listen
 It may make his fond heart beat.

And loose thy jewelled girdle
 A little, that its rubies
 May tinkle softest music too,
 And whisper thou art near;
 Though now, if in the forest
 Thou should'st bend one blade of Kusha
 With silken touch of passing foot,
 His heart would know and hear;
 Would hear the wood-buds saying,
 "It is Radha's foot that passes;"
 Would hear the wind sigh love-sick,
 "It is Radha's fragrance, this;"
 Would hear thine own heart beating
 Within thy panting bosom,
 And know thee coming, coming,
 His—ever,—ever—his!

"*Mine!*"—hark! we are near enough for hearing—

"*Soon she will come—she will smile—she will say*

Honey-sweet words of heavenly endearing;

O soul! listen; my Bride is on her way!"

Hear'st him not, my Radha?

Lo, night bendeth o'er thee—

Darker than dark Tamâla-leaves—

To list thy marriage-song;

Dark as the touchstone that tries gold,

And see now—on before thee—

Those lines of tender light that creep

The clouded sky along:

O night! that trieth gold of love,
 This love is proven perfect!
 O lines that streak the touchstone sky,
 Flash forth true shining gold!
 O rose-leaf feet, go boldly!
 O night!—that lovest lovers—
 Thy softest robe of silence
 About these bridals fold!

See'st thou not, my Radha?
 Lo, the night, thy bridesmaid,
 Comes!—her eyes thick-painted
 With soorma of the gloom—
 The night that binds the planet-worlds
 For jewels on her forehead,
 And for emblem and for garland
 Loves the blue-black lotus-bloom;
 The night that scents her breath so sweet
 With cool and musky odors,
 That joys to spread her veil of shade
 Over the limbs of love;
 And when, with loving weary,
 Yet dreaming love, they slumber,
 Sets the far stars for silver lamps
 To light them from above.

So came she where he stood, awaiting her
 At the bower's entry, like a god to see,
 With marriage-gladness and the grace of heaven.
 The great pearl set upon his glorious head
 Shone like a moon among the leaves, and shone
 Like stars the gems that kept her gold gown close:
 But still a little while she paused—abashed
 At her delight, of her deep joy afraid—
 And they that tended her sang once more this,

(*What follows is to the Music VARÂDI and the Mode
RUPAKA.*)

Enter, thrice-happy! enter, thrice-desired!
And let the gates of Hari shut thee in
With the soul destined to thee from of old.

Tremble not! lay thy lovely shame aside;
Lay it aside with thine unfastened zone,
And love him with the love that knows not fear;

Because it fears not change; enter thou in,
Flower of all sweet and stainless womanhood!
For ever to grow bright, for ever new;

Enter beneath the flowers, O flower-fair!
Beneath these tendrils, Loveliest! that entwine
And clasp, and wreath and cling, with kissing stems;

Enter, with tender-blowing airs of heaven
Soft as love's breath and gentle as the tones
Of lover's whispers, when the lips come close:

Enter the house of Love, O loveliest!
Enter the marriage-bower, most beautiful!
And take and give the joy that Hari grants.

Thy heart has entered, let thy feet go too!
Lo, Krishna! lo, the one that thirsts for thee!
Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.

Then she, no more delaying, entered straight;
Her step a little faltered, but her face
Shone with unutterable quick love; and—while

The music of her bangles passed the porch—
 Shame, which had lingered in her downcast eyes,
 Departed shamed * . . . and like the mighty deep,
 Which sees the moon and rises, all his life
 Uprose to drink her beams.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gîta Govinda entitled*
 RADHIKAMILANE SANANDADAMODARO.)

Hari keep you! He whose might,
 On the King of Serpents seated,
 Flashes forth in dazzling light
 From the Great Snake's gems repeated:
 Hari keep you! He whose graces,
 Manifold in majesty,—
 Multiplied in heavenly places—
 Multiply on earth—to see
 Better with a hundred eyes
 Her bright charms who by him lies.

*What skill may be in singing,
 What worship sound in song,
 What lore be taught in loving,
 What right divined from wrong :
 Such things hath Jayadeva—
 In this his Hymn of Love,
 Which lauds Govinda ever,—
 Displayed ; may all approve!*

* This complete anticipation (*salajjâ lajjâpi*) of the line—

“ Upon whose brow shame is ashamed to sit ”

—occurs at the close of the Sarga, part of which is here perforce omitted, along with the whole of the last one.

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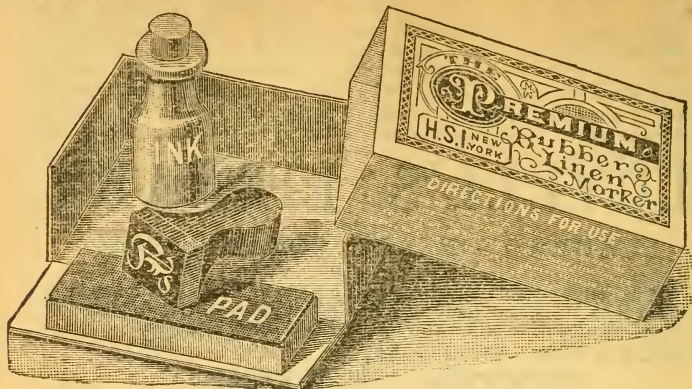
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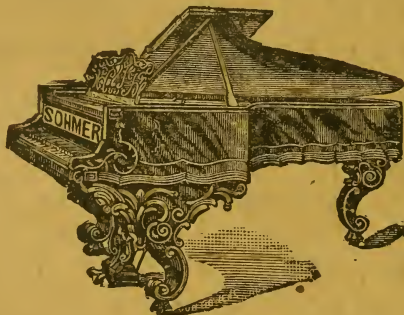
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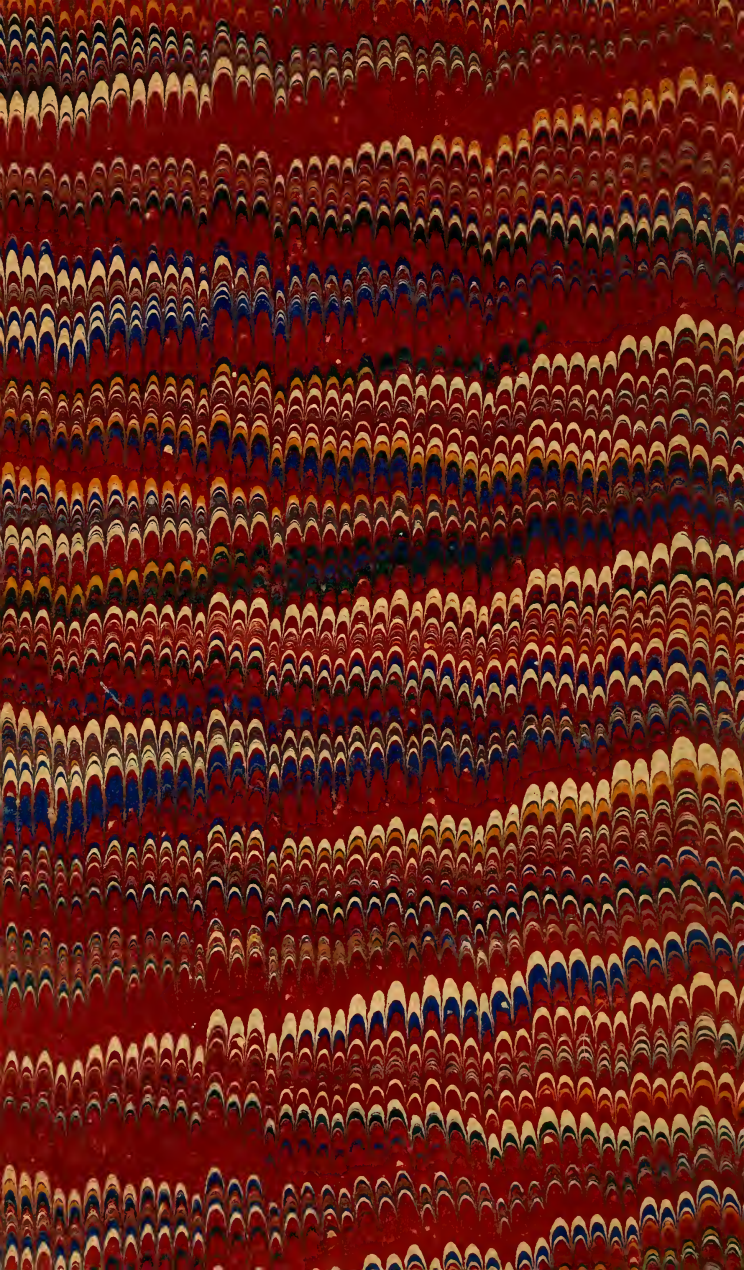
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